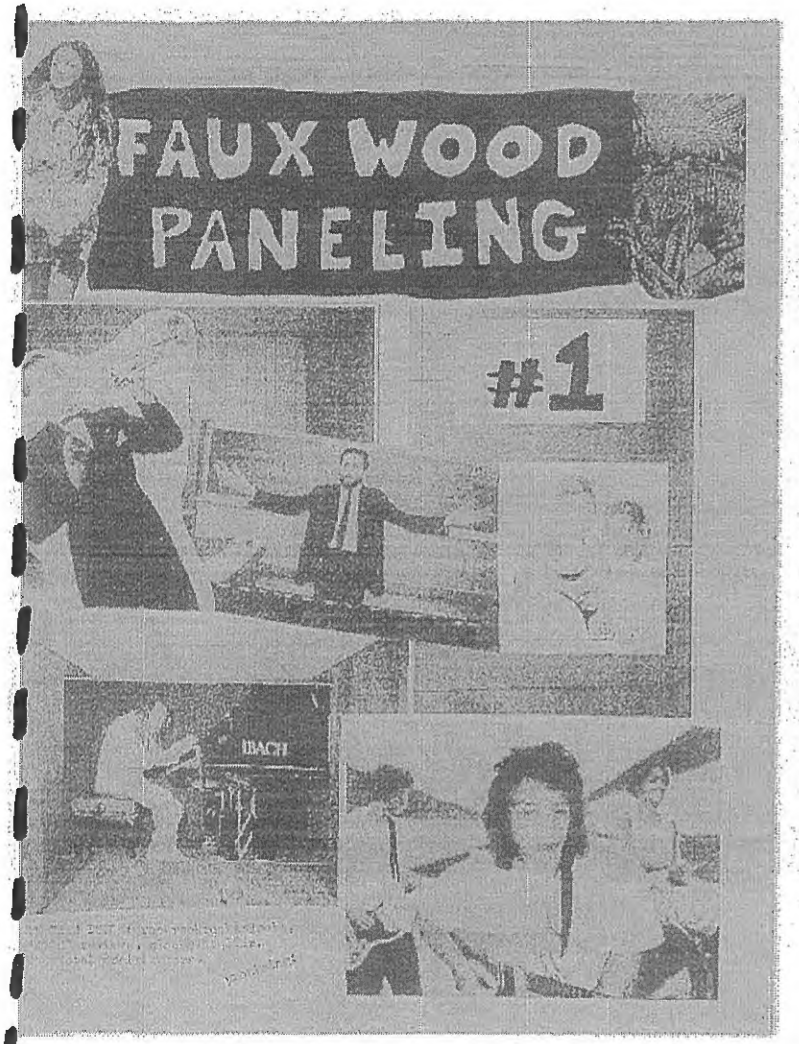
some praise...



FANZINE REVIEW!

Needless to say that the Golden Age of Rock 'N Roll fanzines is, *howshallwesay*, long gone. And face it, ever since the last of the seventies-era gonzo zines had gone the way of the Edsel there have only been a small handful of fanzines that have attempted to capture the madness and high energy that those seventies precursors were best known for, and I don't have to tell you which the best of these newer breed fanzines is now, do I?

In an age where these wonderful small press magazines have pretty much outgrown their usefulness it sure is nice seeing that there is one rag that sticks out amidst the pretentious tres-slick quap passing itself off as new and innovative. For **FAUX WOOD PANELING**, despite the maybe too abstract and scatterbrained for my own sense of rockist values title, is one fanzine that captures the wild abandon and downright craziness of the Golden Age 'zines, all updated for a world that I personally wish would have come to an end at least thirty years back but glad didn't because, otherwise we'd never get to see this read.

In fact, I'd gather that **FAUX WOOD PANELING** is undoubtedly the first Meltzerian fanzine to come out of the under-the-counterculture since **TEENAGE WASTELAND GAZETTE** and one that almost reaches the gulcherian heights of that legendary albeit rarely seen publication. In quite a few ways it's ***different*** than Adny Shernoff's infamous effort, perhaps in many ways more of a personalist fanzine than one devoted to music, a mag in which editor/publisher/janitor Wade T. Oberlin (whose ancestors founded the college bearing his last name that is custom made for snooty girls) goes on in every which way about everything from music to moom pitchers to an everyday sorta existence that you'll probably think is duller than even *yours*. And if you think I have digested (or even ***UNDERSTOOD*** what Mr. Oberlin has written within these hallowed pages you certainly got another think comin'!

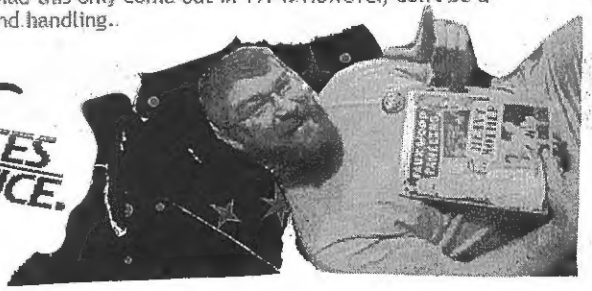
I've had this tome for the times in my hands since at least this Tuesday (it arrived along with a couple **GULCHER** badges as well as some comic books that are bound to get a good reading before heading to the flea market) and I still can't get part let alone all of its majesty through my ape-like brain. Oberlin's the head of the Richard Meltzer Fan Club now holding court on Facebook, and the writing sure shows the same extraterrestrial craziness that Our Hero exuded in everything from the "Outer/Dust My Pumice" columns to all of those take the money and run articles from the early-seventies where Meltzer would toss fact and falsehood out and left it to us stupid followers to sort out. (Still guffawing about his piece on none other than Santana where he mentions them doing the soundtrack for Kenneth Anger's latest film **BLAZING HOT TUBS!**). And really, I haven't laughed so hard since I attended the Special Olympics which is really saying something!

I will admit that I perhaps should have waited awhile for this mag to seep its way into my head jelly, but if I did that this review wouldn't see the light of day until at least 2045 (sometime in the Spring) because the depths and range is too onion-layered for me to envelop until a time when **FAUX WOOD PANELING** is older 'n old news. The way Oberlin goes from a great appraisal of eighties SW Ohio publisher/label owner Bob Moore (I have an early **VERSION** with a magnificent playlist somewhere in the abode and haven't been able to find it even after a ***THIRTY YEAR SEARCH!***) to a hodgepodge dealing with Cecil Taylor's **LOOKING** album and the Curtis Harrington classic **WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN** saying lots if not little of the actual subject at hand is masterful. And some of the heretofore unknown to me information spewed forth is crazy enough to actually be true as real life can tend to be. Dig the information (given to us via Meltzer) pertaining to the fact that **NANCY** creator and leading light of the Twentieth Century Ernie Bushmiller actually struck up a correspondence with none other than Samuel Beckett!

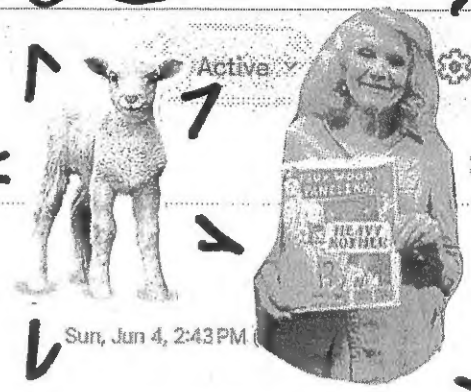
I believe the cost of one issue is a good ten bucks, a ***RIP OFF*** since it only should cost about four at the very most if not the fifty cents it would have had this only come out in 1974. However, don't be a cheapskate if only for your own sake and send Mr. Oberlin the tenner for a copy, and perhaps a lot more as well if only for him to cover the postage and handling.

Posted by Christopher Stigliano at 9:17 PM

THX CHRIS 4 the Blog To Comm-erce!
(and srry fir taking comments down,
got a new po box: wade oberlin
po box 211, wilberforce oh, 45384)



... and invective.



an official letter to fuck wood panelign

Connie Voltaire
to me

Sun, Jun 4, 2:43 PM

whats up gamer. its connie. thanks (again) for all the shit you send me. i lovoe looking at it. i love consuming media (reading words on paper). you also included two quite well illistrated volumes of manga which are TRAGICALLY printed from left ro right. uncultured swine.
oh yes recommdnedation: please include more anime in your zines. are you trying to make art or make a buck? make the smart choice. for your kids, for your future.

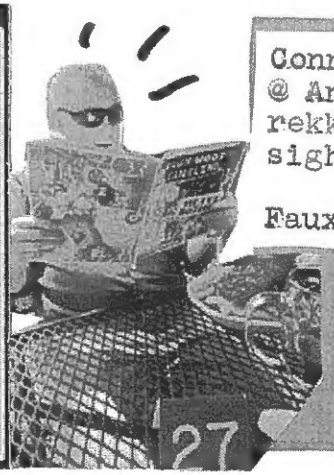
regarding VERSION SOUND (issue 1) you MUST check out their tape "MEATHOUSE 1" which I listened to CONSTANTYL when workign at DOMINOS. they also put out charrred remains which is a very very poorly constructed compilation but hey not bad for some dipshits from (place). their thrird compilation called "try a dull knife" i have never listened to cuz it looks like artsy fartsy crap and really no one needs more WHITE FLAG in their life. id recommend some more "obscuro" 80s comps but i dont want you to fucking scoop me and spread the word. slide into the Dms maybe ill tell you if you send me more buttons.

reading your zeine i was inspired to change how i type. maybe i should be like lister bangs and be like "ah goeen to de bafroom" and shit like that but i quickly realized that woudl take time, thought and effort. i should be true to myslef which means misspeling/typing every other word :) <--- smiling face

oh sorry one last thing, oi do have a question for oyu: as we ALLLLLL know my official beverage of choice is called "dr peppie" BUT i dont have an official restuarant. i was thinking raising canes but im sure convinced the guy tht found ed the company and is the face of it is a pedofphile. ((put convincined in bold and or italics)). and no its cant be dominos, they have betrayed my trust. anyway let me know. maybe papa johns, i like what their CEO has been doing lately. oh and say hi to eddie flowers for me. the god king of facebook himslef. oh and i would like to meet your dad

my recommendations for media you to consume:
music: Datetenryu - 1971 (gyuune cassette 1996)
movie: all about lily chou-chou (2001 dir shunji iwai)
book: dont read books

i hope this letter is too long to publish or that you simply forget to do it
HAPPY MEMORIAL DAY!!!!! FUCK THE FUCKIN TROOPS!



Connie/Neo Neos/Neotypes @ Another Label has a new rekkid out- sound unheard, sight unseen, spend your$$$$!

Faux Wood Paneling #4,

Winter '23
-W